

A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

93

Of the wonderful and surprising Appearance
of Counsellor Morgan's Ghost at the Meeting of the Independent Inhabitants of the City and Liberty of Westminster, last Friday Night being the first of August:

Giving a full and true Account of the Behaviour of the Club upon that fearful Occasion; together with a genuine Copy of the Speech he made to them, without his Head.



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A FAITHFUL
NARRATIVE, &c.

IN this profligate and atheistical Age, when a Believer is become a Scoff and a laughing stock; few People, however good, have Courage enough, openly to own their Belief in Spirits, and Apparitions; not withstanding the Testimony of the Bible, the Attestations, of several thousands of pious and learned Divines; that masterly Performance of Glanville on Witches and many other unanswerable good Books. Not to silence all Cavils upon this Head, for the Happiness of Mankind, for the Conviction of Infidels and the Manifestation of truth (which is a precious Jewel, is of inestimable Value) the following is published, as it was taken verbatim, from the Relation of a Person, who is ready to testify the Truth when call'd upon.

At the monthly Meeting of the Independent Inhabitants of Westminster, to commemorate their noble Struggle, &c. On Friday August 1, 1746 between the Hours of Twelve and One at Night
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the croaking Attorney had just finished, with universal Applause, his Song in Praise of the White Rote in Arden's Vale, Sammy the Chairman had fill'd up a Brother, and had but the Instant named, as his Toast, the Royal Exchange; when, on a sudden, a strange Noise was heard without, like unto a Man's pounding and knocking against the Door, with his Fists, Elbows, Shoulders, Knees, and Heels, all at once, the Candles burnt blue in their Sockets; the Chairman dropt his Glass, and for near half a Minute, there was a Silence so shocking as cannot be related, nothing but their ghastly Looks, at each other could add to the Horror thereof. The Room was instantly filled with the most unsavory of all Smells. While they were in this Panick the same Noise was again repeated, but somewhat louder; Baron Bumper dropt his Head upon the Table, and never look'd up all the Night after. At length being Port-valiant the Huzza-Master with a low and feeble Voice enquired who's there? No answer was returned, but the same Sort of Noise was repeated with amazing Fierceness. They were now a little recovered, when Jackey of York, the Attorney, declared he heard the Rattling of Staves and Lanthorns, and was sure it was the High Constable and his Watchmen breaking in upon them. 'Tis past belief how they jump'd and flew, some under the Tables, some behind the Curtains, some up the Chimney

Chimney? none but the Baron who was so frightened he could not, and Volpone the Book-seller, with two or three others who were so drunk they were not able to stir, were left behind.

In the midst of this Confusion the Door flew open, with a sound just as if you had burst it open with your Breech, and in Truth, it was no other; for the Ghost or Apparition of Counsellor Morgrn who was executed the Wednesday before on Kennington Common for High Treason arly verly in roduced himself into their Company

He could not help laughing, though his head was off, at their pitiful Behaviour, so with great solemnity, though somewhat awkward, in his Gate & for few walk with any Grace after they have been Quartered) he proceeded directly up towards the Chair, and in a very pathetick Address desired them to come from their Holes, and take their Seats, but not a Man of them stir'd, though he call'd them all by their Names; but observing the State of their Table, he rung the Bell, call for fresh Wine, Pipes and Tobacco, then fill'd a Pint Bumper and propos'd K—— J———'s the 3d's Health. This gave them a great deal of Confidence and a little Courage, so one after another they came to the Table, and while

while they were pledging their old Friend the Counsellor, he with great Consolation, by the help of a Pipe, suck'd up his Wine, and an old Woman would a Glyster.

Mr. Morgan to the Chair was the cry. ——— Accordingly he mounted the Table with his back Parts towards the Company, then, stooping for words and putting his Hands upon the Arms of the Chair, from the Butt End of his Body, in a low, coarse, shuffling, Bagpipe Voice, he thus address'd them.

Friends and Countrymen.

YOU may think I shew my Arse, ——— be it so. ——— But believe me it is not for want of Respect to this August Assembly. ——— No, far be that to me. But really 'tis the best Face I can put upon your Meeting, since my Head is not at my own Disposal. But I flatter myself you will pardon this private Exposition of mine, since for this great while past in your Reasonings against Jobb Bills, your Personings, your Law-Suits against Vestries, your Motions in the County Grand Jury you have publickly shewn your Arses to all the World. ——— But no more of this my Business is to greet you from your deceased Bretheren of Kennington, and to assure you, they are persuaded, you would have appeared
more

more openly in the Cause for which had the Satisfaction to be executed; if you had not every one of you been afraid of being Hang'd. (At this Word Hang'd Count Kill Calf, the Butcher roar'd like a Bull, the Baron started, and turned up one side of his Face, it seem'd as if he held his Nose to prevent the Stench of the Chairman's Breath. at which Morgan wrinkled up his Sphincter with an Air of Contempt, and told him in a droling Way. that he needed not be under any Apprehensions of that Sort, for Jack Ketch had taken care there should be no more Guts in his Body then they were in the Baron's Brains;) but Joaking apart, continues Mr. Morgan, I must own it galls my very Ribsto see you so shunk in Number; where are your Friends of the House? Where are those whose Names have graced your Festivals? The shivering Hand of Fear hath seiz'd them, But far beto that from you; you see how I have been carbonaded; you have heard how I have been broyl'd, and yet believe me; I should be glad to be alive again, — only that I might once more have the Consolation of being cang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, for yours and the Cause's Sake.

Upon this an elderly Gentleman, who stammers a little, got up and stopp'd him short, by saying, though I can't speak plain, yet I am a plain spoken Man, I do not believe a Word you have said; and must tell you

you, I am surprized that you, who have neither Head nor Heart, should have the Arrogancy to dictate as if in the Chair, to the Independent Inhabitants of the City and Liberty of Westminster. Norgan could not keep his Arse in Countenance any longer, but grew angry, and with an air of authority, told them, he had a Commission from the Pretender, the Pope, and the Devils who had taken particular care in him to suit them, since there had been neither Head nor Heart at their Meeting for a long while before the Landing in the Highland; and that Instant demand'd that a Subscription should be begun and carried on for suppressing their last dying Words. The Cock crew, he vanished, and the rest of the Company have never been in their Senses since.

Jurat coram Nobis. Saturday Aug. 2, 1796

1. Jack Dismal, Auctioneer and Undertaker to St. Martin's Round-House.
2. Tom Mahogany.
3. Matthew Sugar-Loaf, and Brother.
4. Pettie Red-Cross.
5. Mr. Persian, the Welch Squire of Bedford-Street.

F I N I S.

